

X X X  
3

THE *Irishman.*

**BRAVE IRISHMAN,**

OR,

**Captain O'BLUNDER.**

A

**F A R C E.**

As it is ACTED at the  
THEATRE-ROYAL in Smock-alley:

WITH THE  
**GENUINE SONGS,**  
Not in any other EDITION.

Supposed to be WRITTEN by  
Thomas Sheridan Nesbitt, Esq;

And REVISED with  
Several CORRECTIONS and ADDITIONS

BY  
John Nesbitt Peter STanley Nesbitt.

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DUBLIN: . . . . .

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collated  
perfect.  
J.F. 1800.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Capt. O'Blunder,	Mr. SPARKS.
Mr. Trader, a Merchant.	Mr. WATSON.
Cheat-well,	Mr. STAYLY.
Sconce,	Mr. HAMILTON.
Jerry, Captain's Serjeant,	Mr. WILLIAMS.
Dr. Chiller,	Mr. MYNITT.
Dr. Gallypot,	Mr. CUNNINGHAM.
Mons. Ragon;	Mr. KING.

W O M E N.

Lucy, Daughter to <i>Trader</i> ,	Mrs. GREEN.
Maid,	Miss CUMMERFORD.

SCENE LONDON.

Mob, Keepers, &c.—

## PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Capt. O'BLUNDER,

*O AGH, brilliant Shire, please to vend your Spleen,  
On us, poor Irish, 'till our Faults are seen;  
My Busines here, I'd swear, you ne'er would guess;  
But come,—my Duty 'tis, first to confess;  
To keep you then no longer in Suspence,  
To wed a fair One is my whole Pretence.*

*Phoo, now, d'ye hear—the Titter ne'er will cease,  
I plainly see the Curl in each Faas.*

*Well then, 'tis strange that 'Fronts we her reshave,  
Ven tis by us the English Spalpeens live.  
Have we not fought your Battles—bravely too;  
And yet, ungrateful ones, all that won't do.  
Oayh, would the Heroes of Hibernia's Blood,  
Who lately in her Cause uprightly stood,  
But stay with me, they'll mix their noble Breed  
With Britain's Daughters! then we should be freed.  
Hark, the Bell rings—I therefore must obey,  
So smooth your Brows, and calmly bear the Play.*

EPILOGUE.

## E P I L O G U E.

TUT ! tut ! I was mistaken—ne'er believe me,  
If any Scandal shall again deceive me ;  
For now I find, they made me but a Child,  
To tell me that the Irish all were wild :  
My Captain is as gentle as a Dove,  
As innocent, and quite as full of Love—  
Ye British Fair, if ye wou'd wed THE TRUTH,  
You'll only find it in the IRISH Youth :  
The Irish to our Hearts have found the Way,  
I ne'er believ'd it till I saw—the Key.  
Our dearest Secret best such Youth rewards,  
Who find the Key-hole quick, and hit so true the Wards.

JUDGEMENT

THE  
BRAVE IRISHMAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

*A Chamber.*

Lucey repeating.

'Tis not the Marriage, but the Man we hate;  
'Tis there we reason and debate:  
For give us but the Man we loath,  
We're sure the Marriage to approve.

W E L L, this same barbarous Marriage-act  
is a great Draw-back on the Inclinations  
of young People.

Maid. Indeed and so it is, Mem; for my part I'm  
no Heirels, and therefore at my own Proposal; and  
if I was under the Restraint of the Act, and kept  
from Men, I wou'd run to Seed, so I wou'd—but, la!—  
Mem, I had forgot to acquaint you, I verily believe  
that I saw your Irish Lovier the Captain; and I con-  
sists it was he and no other, so I do—and I saw him  
go into the Blue Postices, so I did.

Lucy. My Irish Lover, Miss Pert; I never so much  
as saw his Potato Face in all my born Days; but I hear  
he's a strange Animal of a Brute—Pray had he his  
Wings on? I suppose they sav'd him his Passage.

Maid. Oh! Mem, you mistakes the Irishtmen; they  
deny that they've Wings, but they all confess and boast  
of their Tails.

B

Lucy.

6      *The Brave Irishman; or,*

*Lucy.* Oh Tawdry! but see who's at the Door.

[Exit. and return with

Cheatwell.

Miss! Your most humble and obedient — I came to acquaint you of our Danger: Our common Enemy is just imported hither, and is enquiring for your Father's House thro' every Street—The *Irish Captain*, in short, is come to *London*; such a Figure! and so attended by the Rabble—

*Lucy.* I long to see him—we love Variety; and *Irishmen*, I hear, are not so despicable; besides, the Captain may be misrepresented. [Aside.] Mr. Cheatwell, you know my Father's Design is to have as many Suitors as he can, in order to have a Choice of them all.

*Cheat.* I have nothing but your Professions and Sincerity to depend on—Oh here's my trusty Mercury.

Enter Sconce.

So—Well, have you dogg'd the Captain?

*Sconce.* Yes, yes, I left him snug at the *Blue Post*; he's just pat for our Purpose, easily humm'd: as simple and as undesigning as we would have him. Well, and what do you propose?

*Cheat.* Propose! why, to drive him back to his native Bogs as fast as possible.

*Lucy.* Oh! Mr. Cheatwell—pray let's have a Sight of the Critter.—

*Cheat.* Oh! Female Curiosity — Why, Child he'd frighten thee—he's above six Feet high—

*Lucy.* A fine Size—I like tall a Man.

[Aside.]

*Sconce.* A great huge Back and Shoulders.

*Lucy.* We Women love Length and Breadth in Proportion.

[Aside.]

*Sconce.* Wears a great long Sword, which he calls his *Andreferrara*.—

*Lucy.* I hear the *Irish* are naturally brave.—

[Aside.]

## *Captain O'Blunder.*

*Sconce.* And carries a large oaken Cudgel, which he calls his *Shillela*.

*Lucy.* Which he can make use of on Occasions, I suppose. [Aside.]

*Sconce.* Add to this a great Pair of Jackboots, a Cumberland Pinch to his Hat, an old red Coat, and a damn'd Potato Face.

*Lucy.* He must be worth seeing truly—

*Cheat.* Well, my dear Girl, be constant, wish me Success; for I shall so hum, so roast, and so banter this same Irish Captain, that he'll scarce wish himself in London again these seven Years to come.

*Lucy.* About it—Adieu—I hear my Father.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

## SCENE II.



A Street.

Enter *Captain O'Blunder and Jerry.*

*Capt.* And so you tells me, Cherjeant, that *Terence McGlootery* keeps a Goon?

*Serj.* Yes, Sir.

*Capt.* Monomundioul! but if I catches any of these Spalpeen Brats keeping a Goon to destroy the Game, but I will have 'em chot first, and phipe thorough the Regiment afterwards.

*Serj.* One wou'd think that they should be whipp'd first, and then shot.

*Capt.* Well, isn't it the same Thing; For the Devil magnifies that?—'Tis but phipping and shooting all the time—'Tis the same Thing in the End, sure, after all your Cunning, but still you'll be a Wifemur; But that *Terence McGlootery* is an old Pocher, he shoots all the Rabbits in the Country to stock his own Bur, tough with 'em.

Enter a Mob who stare at him.

1st *Mob.* Twig his Boots.

2d *Mob.* Smoke his Sword, &c. &c.

B 2

Capt.

8      *The Brave Irishman; or,*

*Capt.* Well, you Scoundrels, did you never see an  
*Irish* Shentleman before?

*Enter Sconce.*

*Sconce.* Oh! fie! Gentlemen, are not you affam'd  
to mock a Stranger after this rude Manner.

*Capt.* This is a shivil Short of a little Fellow  
enough. [Aside.]

*Sconce.* If he is an *Irishman*; you may see by his  
Dress and Behaviour, that he is a Gentleman.

*Capt.* Yeish, you Shons of Whores, don't you see by  
my Dress and Behaviour that I'm a Shentleman-  
Stranger—By my Shoul if I take *Sbillela* to you, I'll  
make you all smoke. [Mob runs off.]

[To *Sconce.*] Shir, your humble Sharvant; you seem  
to be a shivil mannerly Shentleman, and I shall be  
glad to be gratify'd with your nearer Acquaintance.  
[*Salute.*]

*Enter Cheatwell.*

*Cheat.* Captain *O'Blunder*; Sir, you're extremely  
welcome to *London*.—Sir, I'm your most sincere Friend  
and devoted humble Servant.—

*Capt.* Yara! then how well every body knows me  
in *London*—to be sure they read of my Name in the  
Papers, and they know my Faash ever since.—Shir,  
your affected humble Sharvant. [*Salute.*]

*Cheat.* Well, and Captain, tell us, how long are  
you arrived, I hope you had a good Passage?

*Capt.* By my Shoul, my own Bones are thore after  
it—We were on the Devil's own Turnpike for eight  
and forty Hours—to be sure, we were all in a comical  
Pickle.—'Twas Old Nick's Race Horse we rode: and tho'  
I bid the Landlord of the Ferry-boat to stop it,  
he took no more Notice of me, than if I was one of  
the Spal-peens that was going over to reap the Harvell.

*Cheat.* No, Captain!—The unmannerly Fellow;  
and what brought you to *London*?

*Capt.*

## Captain O'Blunder.

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*Capt.* Faith, my dear Jewel, I came in the Stage-Coach from *Chester*.

*Cheat.* I mean, what Busines?

*Capt.* How damn'd inquisitive they are here! [Aside] but I'll be as cunning as no Man alive. By my Shoul, my Jewel, I am going over to *Wirginny* to beat the *Frinch*—They say they have driven our Countrymen out of their Plantaations; by my Shoul, my Jewel, if our Troops get vonsle among them, we'll cut them all in Pieces, and then bring 'em over Prisoners of War besides.

*Cheat.* Indeed, Captain, you are a fine young Honourable Expedition—but pray, how comes this Gentleman your Father? I hope you left him in good Health?

*Capt.* Oh! by my Shoal, he's very well, my Jewel; for he's dead these four Years.

*Cheat.* And the old Gentleman, your Uncle?

*Capt.* My Uncle!—You 'mean my Chisler's Husband, you Fool you, that's my Brother-in-Law—

*Cheat.* Ay, a handsome Man—

*Capt.* Ha, ha, a handsome Man? ay, for he's a damn'd crooked Fellow; he's crooked shoulder'd, and has a Hamp upon his Nose, and a Pair of Huckle-Backs upon his Shins, if you call that handsome—Ha, ha, ha.

*Cheat.* And pray is that merry, joking Gentleman alive still—He that us'd to make us laugh so—Mr.—Mr.—a

*Capt.* Phoo, I'll tell you who you mean—You mean *Sherla Shaghnaffy's* Husband the Exshifeman.

*Cheat.* The very same.

*Capt.* Oh! my dear Jewel, he's as merry as my Lord Chief-Joker in *Dublin*; tho' he's not very willin I'm by; for I took him down—Ara, my Jewel, I'll tell you the whole Story—We took a Walk together, and the Wind was very high, considerin 'twas a fine calm Morning—'Twas in our Back going,

but

10      *The Brave Irishman; or,*

but, by my Shoul, as we return'd, it was in our Faash coming home—and yet I cou'd never persuade him that the Wind was turn'd.

*Cheat.* Oh the Fook—

*Capt.* Ara, so I told him, my Jewel: you great Oaf, says I—if the Wind blows in your Back going, and blows in your Faash coming, sure the Wind is turn'd—No, if I was to preach, and to preach, till last Year come Twelvemonth, I cou'd not dissuade him that the Wind was turn'd.—

*Cheat.* He had not common Sense—Well, and does the old Church stand where it did?

*Capt.* The old Church—the Devil a Church within ten Mile of us.—

*Cheat.* I'm sure there was a kind of an old Building like a Church or a Castle.—

*Capt.* Phoo, my Jewel, I know what you call a Church—by my Shoul 'tis old lame Will. Hurly's Mill you mean.

[Talk aside.]

*Enter Sconce with Monsieur Ragou.*

*Sconce.* Consider, Monsieur, he's your Rival, and is come purely, and with an Intent to rob you of your Mistress.

*Mons.* Is he—Le Fripon—Le grand Fripon! Parbleu, me no indure dat! icy l'Epee—vat you call—my Sword—Est bien assuré—he may take my Vora for dat.—

*Sconce.* And he's the greatest of all Cowards—tho' he carries that great swaggering broad Sword—believe me, Monsieur, he wou'd not fight a Cat—he'd run away if you drew upon him.—

*Mons.* You ba bien assuré that he ba de grand Coward—Mon Ami—Eh bien—vel den—I'll have his Blood—my Heart dançé dé pit a-pat. [Aside.] Je n'avois pas le Courage, I have not de good Courage.

*Sconce.* Tut Man, only affront him—go up to him.

*Mons.*

*Captain O'Blunder.*

II

*Mons.* Me sal shew him de bon Addreffe—Helas—  
(goes up to the Captain) *Monsieur le Capitaine vous êtes  
le grand Fripon.*—

*Capt.* Well Gelun a gud, have you any Irish?

*Mons.* Ireland! me be no such outlandish Country:  
—You smell of de Potatoe.—

*Capt.* Do I—by my Shoul I did not taaft a Praty  
since I left Ireland; may be he has a mind to put the  
Front upon me. [To Cheatwell.

*Cheat.* It looks like it, very like it, Captain.

*Capt.* Faith, my Jewel, I don't know a more  
peaceable Companion than *Andrefarara* here—[Drawing  
his Sword] but if he's provok'd—he's no Slouch  
at it—do you mean to front me, you French Boogre  
—Eh—

*Mons.* Affront—you be de Teague, de vild Irish-  
man—de Potato Face—me no think it vorth my while  
to notice you. Otez-vous je dis—go about your  
Business.—

*Capt.* Oh, ho, are you there?—come out, my  
trusty *Andrefarara*—here take *Shillela*—[Gives his  
Cudgel to Cheatwell].

*Sconce.* Draw, for he won't fight. [To the Frenchman.

*Mons.* He be de terrible Countenance—he be fort  
enrage, dev'lisch angry. [Draws.

*Capt.* Come on, you Soup Maigre.

[They fight—*Monsieur* falls;

*Capt.* After that you're easy—who smells of Praty  
now? you Refugee Son of a Whore—affront an Irish  
Shentleman!

*Sconce.* The Man's dead.

*Capt.* Is he?—what magnifies that; I killed him  
in the fair duelling Way.

*Cheat.* But, Captain, 'tis Death by the Law to  
duel in England—and this Place is not so safe a Place  
for you—I'm heartily sorry for this Accident.

*Capt.* Ara, my Jewel, they don't mind it in Ireland  
one Trawneen.

*Cheat.*

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*Cheat.* Come, come, Captain, safe's the Word—  
the Street will be soon alarmed—you can come to my  
House till the Danger's over—and I will get you Bail.

*Capt.* By my Shoul, I believe 'tis the best Way, for  
fear of the Boners.

*Cheat.* Here's my Friend will shew you the Way  
to my House; I'll be with you in a Minute.

[*Exit. Captain with Sconce.*

*Cheat.* Are you dead, Monsieur? Eveillez-vous—  
get up Man. [Monsieur rises.]

*Mons.* Parbleu—ille avoit de long Rapier—he be  
de terrible *Irishman*—'tis well me fall in time, or he  
make me fall so dat me never refusciter—never get  
up again

*Cheat.* Well, I'm glad there's no more Mischief done—  
Come, never mind the *Irishman* a Rush,  
You and the Captain shall have t'other Brush.

*Mons.* Parbleu—me kiss de Book—me just have  
swore,

Never to fight an *Irishman*, no more.

*Cheat.* Come, come along, you Son of a French  
Whore. [Exit.]

S C E N E   M I.

*A Mad-house.*

*Enter Captain and Sconce.*

*Sconce.* Captain, this is your Cousin's House: I'll  
go and get proper Things for your Accommodation  
—Sir, your humble Servant for a Moment or so—  
give me your Things.

[Takes his Sword and Cudgel.]

*Capt.* Shir, your most humble Sharvant. [Looks about]  
Faith, my Cousin's House is a brave large Place—  
tho' it is not so very well furnished—but I suppose the  
Maid was cleaning out the Rooms: So—who are  
these now—Some Acquaintance of my Cousin's to be  
sure.

[Exit.]

## *Captain O'Blunder.*

*Enter Dr. Clister and Dr. Gallipot.*

(Both salute the Captain). [Chairs,

*Capt.* Shentlemen, your most humble Sharvant—  
but where's my Cousin?

*Clift.* His Cousin—what does he mean?

[To Dr. Gallipot.

*Galli.* What shou'd a Madman mean? Sir, we  
come to treat you in a regular Manner.

*Capt.* O, dear Shentlemen, 'tis too much Trouble  
—you need not be over regular, a single Joint of  
Meat, and a good Glas of Ale will be a very good  
Treat without any needless Expences.

*Clift.* Do you mind that Symptom—the canine  
Appetite.

*Capt.* Nine Appetites—no, my Jewel; I have an  
Appetite like other People; a Couple of Pounds will  
serve me if I was ever so hungry—phat the Devil do  
they talk of nine Appetites; do they think I'm a Cat,  
that have as many Stomachs as Lives.

*Gally.* He looks a little wild, Brother.

*Capt.* What! are you Brothers?

*Bob.* Pray, Sir, be feated; we shall examine me  
thodically into the Nature of your Case.

[They fit—Captain in the Middle—they feel his  
Pulse—he stares at them.

*Capt.* Fat de Devil do they mean by taking me by  
the Wrists—may-be 'tis the Fashion of Compliment  
in London.

*Clift.* Brother, you plainly perceive that the Sy-hole  
and Diaftole are obstructed.

*Capt.* My Piſſ-hole and Arſe-hole—Vat de Devil  
ails them? Eh! ſure dey're mad.

*Gally.* First, Brother, let us examine the Symptoms.

*Capt.* By my Shoul, the Fellows are Fools.

*Clift.* Pray, Sir, how do you reſt?

*Capt.* In a good Feather-bed, my Jewel—and  
sometimes I take a Nap in an Arm-chair.

C

*Clift.*

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*Clyft.* But do you sleep sound?

*Capt.* Faith I sleep and snore all Night; and when I awake in the Morning, I find myself fast asleep.

*Gally.* The Cerebrum or Cerebellum is affected.

*Capt.* The Devil a Sir Abram, or Bell either I mind.

*Gally.* How do you eat, Sir?

*Capt.* Width my Mouth—how the Devil shou'd I eat, d'ye think.

*Clyft.* Pray, Sir, have you a good Stomach, d'ye eat heartily?

*Capt.* Oh, my Jewel, I'm no Slouch at that, tho' a clumsy Beef-stake, or the Leg and Arm of a Turkey, with a Grifkin under the Oxter wou'd serve my Turn,

*Gally.* Do you generally drink much?

*Capt.* Oh, my Jewel, a Couple of Quarts of Ale, and Porter wou'd not choke me; but what the Devil magnifies so many Questions about eating and drinking—if you have a mind to order any thing, do it as soon as you can, for I am almost famish'd.

*Clyft.* I am for treating him regularly, methodically, and secundum Artem.

*Capt.* Secundum Fartem—I don't see any Sign of treating at all—Ara, my Jewels, send for a Mutton Chop, and don't trouble yourselves about my Stomach.

*Clyft.* I shall give you my Opinion concerning this Case, Brother—*Galen* says.

*Capt.* Wil gelun a gud?

*Clyft.* I say that *Galen* is of Opinion, that in all adult Complexions.

*Capt.* Well, and who has a dusty Complexion?

*Clyft.* A little Patience, Sir.

*Capt.* I think I have a great deal of Patience; that People can't eat a Morsel without so many impertinent Questions.

*Clyft.* *Qui habet vultum Adyfum,  
Habets caninum Gustum.*

*Capt.*

*Capt.* I'm sure 'tis an ugly Custom to keep a Man fasting so long after pretending to treat him.

*Gally.* Ay, Brother, but *Hippocrates* differs from *Galen* in this Case.

*Capt.* Well, but my Jewels, let there be no Difference, nor falling out between Brodthers about me, for a small Matter will sharve my Turn.

*Clyſt.* Sir, you break the Thread of our Discourse; I was observing that in gloomy opaque Habits, the Rigidity of the Solids causes a continual Friction in the Fluids, which by being constantly impeded, grow thick and glutinous, by which Means they cannot enter the capillary Vessels, nor the other finer Ramifications of the Nerves.

*Gally.* Then, Brother, from your Position, it will be deducible that the *Prima Viae* are first to be cleared, which must be effected by frequent Emeticks.

*Clyſt.* Sudorificks.

*Gally.* Catharticks.

*Clyſt.* Pneumaticks.

*Gally.* Restoratives.

*Clyſt.* Corrofives.

*Gally.* Narcoticks.

*Clyſt.* Cephalicks.

*Gally.* Pectorals.

*Clyſt.* Stypticks.

*Gally.* Specificks.

*Clyſt.* Caufsticks.

*Capt.* How naturally they answer one another, like the Parish Minister and the Clerk——by my Shoul, Jewels, this Gibberish will never fill a Man's Belly.

*Clyſt.* And thus to speak *Summatim*, and *Articulationis*, or *categorically*, to recapitulate the several Remedies in the Aggregate, the Emeticks will clear the first Passages, and restore the Viscera to their pristine Tone, and regulate their lost peristaltick or vermicular Motion; so that from the *Oesophagus* to the *Rectum* I am for potent Emeticks.

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*Gally.* And next for Sudoricks, as they open the Pores, or rather the porous Continuity of the cutaneous Dermis and Epidermis; thence to convey the noxious and melancholy Humours of the Blood.

*Clyft.* With Catharticks to purge him.

*Gally.* Pneumatics to scourge him.

*Clyft.* Narcoticks to doze him.

*Gally.* Cephalicks to poze him.

*Capt.* These are some of the Dishes they are to treat me with—Why, my Jewels, there's no need for all this Cookery—upon my Shoul this is to be a grand Entertainment. Well, they'll have their own Way.

*Clyft.* Suppose we use Phlebotomy, and take from him thirty Ounces of Blood.

*Capt.* Flea my Bottom dy'e say?

*Gally.* His Eyes roll—call in the Keepers.

[Enter Keepers.]

*Capt.* Flea my Bottom—Oh, my *Andrefearara* and *Sbillela*, I want ye now—but here's a Chair—Flea my Bottom—Ye Sons of Whores—ye Giberish Scoundrels.

[Drives them out.]

Oh! this Son of a Whore of a Cousin of mine, to bring me to these Thieves to flea my Bottom—if I meet him, I'll flea his Bottom.

[Exit.]

S C E N E IV.

*The Street.*

Enter Serjeant.

I have been seeking my Master every where, and cannot find him; I hope nothing has happened him—I think that was one of the Gentlemen I saw with him.

Enter Sconce.

Sir, Sir, pray did you see the Captain, my Master, Captain *O'Blunder*, the Irish Gentleman?

*Sconce.* Not I, indeed my Friend—I left him last with Mr. *Cheatrwell*—I suppose they're taking a Bottle together—Oh, No! here's the Captain.

[Enter]

*Captain O'Blunder.*

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*Enter Captain.*

*Capt.* Oh ! my dear Friend, I had like to be lost, to be ruined by that Scoundrel my Cousin—Well, I'm so out of Breath, I ran away with my Life from the Thieves—You know you left me at my Cousin's House—Well, I walk'd about for some Time, to be sure I thought it an odd sort of a House, when I saw no Furniture—There I expected my Cousin every Moment ; and, my dear Jewel, there came in two Bird-lime Sons of Whores, with great Whigs—they look'd like Conjurors and Fortune-tellers—one takes hold of one of my Wrists, and the other catches hold of my other Wrist. I thought by-way of Complement ; I sat down betwixt them, did they chatter such Gibberish, like a Couple of old Baboons ; and all this Discourse was conchaarning me—they talk'd at first of treating me, and ask'd me, Had I a good Stomach ? —one of 'em said, I had nine Appetites ; but at length, my Jewels, what shou'd come of the Treat, but they agreed before my Face to flea my Bottom—Oh ! if I tell you a Word of Lie, I'm not here—My Dear, they calls in the Keepers to tie me ; I up with the Chair ; for I gave you my *Shillela* and *Andrefra-rara*, and drove them out, and made my Escape.

*Sconce.* I am sorry to see that your Cousin has behaved so rudely towards you ; but any thing that lies in my Power.—

*Capt.* Oh ! Sir, you're a very worthy Gentleman ; but, Charjeant, I must go to see Mr. *Trader* the Merchant, and his fair Daughter.—Has the Taylor brought home my Clothes ?

*Serj.* Yes, Sir, and the old Gentleman expects you immediately, and sent a Man in Livery for you.—

*Capt.* Come, my good Friend, I won't part with you—I'll step to my Lodgings, and just slip on my Clothes, that I may pay my due Regards to my Mistress.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

*The Brave Irishman; or,*  
SCENE V.

*The Madhouse.*

Cheatwell, Clyster, and Gallypot.

*Cheat.* I'm sorry for this Accident.

*Clyft.* In troth, Mr. Cheatwell, he was the most furious Madman that ever I met with during the whole Course of my Practice.

*Gally.* I am now surpris'd how he sat so long quiet.

*Cheat.* He'll run riot about the Streets ; but I hope he'll be taken—Oh ! here's Sconce.

*Enter Sconce.*

Well, what News of the Captajn ?

*Scon.* I just ran to let you know of his Motions ; he is preparing to dress, in order to pay a Visit to Miss Lucy, and to pay his Respects to Trader, and worse News for you ; 'tis whisper'd on Change, that Trader is broke.

*Cheat.* If that shou'd fall out so, I shall easilly resign my Pretensions to the Captain. 'Twas Lucy's Purse, and not her Beauty, that I courted.

*Scon.* I must run back to the Captain, and keep in with him, to serve a Turn ; do you at a Distance watch us, and proceed accordingly. [Exit.

*Cheat.* Well, Gentlemen, I shall take Care to acknowledge your Trouble the first Time I see you again ; so adieu. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

*The Captain's Lodgings.*

*Capt.* Arrah but who the Devil do you think I met Yesterday full but in the Street but *Theady Sbaghnaffy* ?

*Serj.* Well, and how is he ?

*Capt.* Arrah staay till I tell you ; he wash at todther Side of the Way, and when I came up, it wash nor him. Tell me, dosh my new Regimentals become me ?

*Serj.*

*Serj.* Yes indeed, Sir, I think they do.

*Capt.* This Pocket is too high; I must be forced to stoop for my Snuff-box.

*Enter Sconce.*

Ha! upon my Word, Captain, you look as spruce as a young Bridegroom.

*Capt.* All in good Time—and does it fit easy?

*Sconce.* Easy! Sir, it fits like your Shirt.

*Capt.* I think it's a little too wide here in the Sleeve; I'm afraid the Fellow has'n't left Cloth enough to take it in; tho' I can't blame the Fellow neither; for I was not by when he took Measure of me—Serjeant, here, go, take this Sixpence Halfpenny, and buy me a Pair of phite Gloves.

*Sconce.* I don't think you can get a Pair for Six-pence.

*Capt.* Why, how much will the Leatherman have?

*Sconce.* Two Shillings.

*Capt.* Two Thirteens!

*Serj.* Indeed, Sir, you won't get them less in London.

*Capt.* Not less than Two Thirteens! *Monomondiou!* but I'd rather my Hands shou'd go barefoot all the Days of their Lives, than give Two Thirteens for a Pair of Gloves—Come, come along, I'll go without 'em; my Mistress must excuse me. [Exit.]

S C E N E changes to Trader's House.

*Enter Trader and Lucy.*

*Tra.* Well, Daughter, I have been examining into the Circumstances of *Cheatwell*, and find he is not worth a Six-pence; and, as for your *French Lover*, he is some run-away Dancing-master or Hair-cutter from *Paris*; so that really, among them all, I cannot find any one to come up to your *Irish Lover*, either for Birth, Fortune or Character.

*Lucy.*

*Lucy.* Sir, you're the best Judge in the disposing me ; and indeed I have no real Tendre for any one of them—As to the *Irisb* Captain, I have not seen him as yet ; you'll see him presently, I sent to his Lodgings, and expect him every Moment—Oh! here's Monsieur.

*Enter Monsieur Ragou.*

*Tra.* Well, Monsieur, I have been trying my Daughter's Affections in Regard to you, and as she is willing to be guided by me in this Affair, I wou'd willingly know by what visible Means you intend to maintain her like a Gentlewoman, as she is both by Birth and Education ?

*Mons.* Me have de grand Acquaintance with the Beau Monde ; and, si vous plais, to do me the Honour of making me your Son-in-Law, me transact your Negotiations with all possible Care and Belle Air.

*Enter Captain O'Blunder, &c.*

*Tra.* You're welcome to my House—Sir, this is my Daughter—this, Child, is Captain O'Blunder whom I hope you will receive as he deserves.

*Capt.* Fairest of Creatures, will you gratify me with a Taste of your sweet delicate Lips. [Kisses] By my Shoul a neat Creature, and a good Bagooragh Girl—Oh, oh! I see my Frenchman! and, Faith, I have a Praty ready for him now.

*Mons.* Oh! Le Diable—he espy me—me better go off while I am well.

*Capt.* (Goes up to Monsieur) I thought, Monsieur Ragou, that you were dead—Do I smell of the Praty now, you Soupe Maigre Son of a French Boogre.

*Tra.* The Captain has a Mind to be merry with the Frenchman.

*Capt.*

*Capt.* By my Shoul, my Jewel, I have got a Praty for you now—here—eat it. Eat this—Oh oh, come forth. [Draws] Eat that Praty this Minute. I'm sure 'tis better nor your Garlick nor Ingyons in *France*.  
[Frenchman eats it.]

*Enter a Servant to Trader.*

*Serv.* Oh! Sir—there are certain Accounts come—but these Letters will better inform you.

*Tra.* [Reads] Oh Captain, I am ruin'd, undone—broke—

*Capt.* Broke! what have you broke?

*Tra.* Oh! Sir, my Fortune's broke; I am not a Penny above a Beggar.

*Mons.* Oh! den me be off de Amour—me have no Dealings with Beggars; me have too many of the Beggar in my own Country; so me better slip away in good Time. [Exit.]

*Tra.* So now, Captain, I have not concealed my Misfortune from you; you are at Liberty to choose a happier Wife, for my poor Child is miserable.

*Capt.* I thought your Ribs was broke; I am no Surgeon; but if 'tis only a little Money that broke you, give me this sweet Lady's Lilly-white Hand, and, as far as a good Estate in Land and Stock will go, I'll share it with her, and with yourself—Arz, never mind the Thieves, my Jewel, I'll break their Necks before they shall break your little Finger. Come, I'll give you a Song of my own Composition.

*Since the first Time I saw you, I take no Repose,  
I sleep all the Day to forget half my Woes;  
So strong is the Flame in my Bosom which glows,  
By my Soul I'm afraid it will burn thro' my Cloaths.*

Ballynamony, oro, &c.

*Wherever I'm going, and all the Day long,  
Abroad and at Home, or alone in a Throng,  
I find that my Passion's so lively and strong,  
That your Name, when I'm silent, runs still in my Song;  
Ballynamony, oro, &c.*

*- On that happy Day, when I make you my Bride,  
With a swinging long Sword, how I'll strut and I'll stride,  
In a Coach and six Horses with Honey I'll ride,  
As before you I walk to the Church by your Side,  
Ballynamony, oro, &c.*

Enter Cheatwell.

Gentlemen, I beg Pardon for this Intrusion.

Capt. Oh, by my Shoul, this is my friendly Cousin  
that bid the old Conjurors flea my Bottom.

Cheat. Sir, I beg your Pardon in particular, and  
hope you'll grant me it; nothing but Necessity was  
the Cause of my ungenteel Behaviour—This Lady I  
had an Esteem for, but since Things have turn'd out  
as they have, my Pretensions are without Founda-  
tion; therefore, Captain, I hope you look upon me  
in the Light of an unfortunate Man, rather than of a  
bad Man.

Capt. Faath, my dear Cousin, since Love is the  
Cause of your Mourning, I shall forgive you with all  
my Heart. [Shakes Hands.]

Cheat. Sir, I shall always look upon your Friend-  
ship as an Honour; and hope you'll look upon me as  
a poor unfortunate young Fellow, that has not a  
Shilling, nor the Means of getting one upon the Face  
of the Earth.

Capt. Oh, upon my Shoul, then, Cousin Cheatwell,  
I pity your Condition with all my Heart; and since  
Things are so bad with you, if you'll take a Trip to  
my

## Captain O'Blunder.

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*my Irish Plantations with me and my dear Creature here, I'll give you 500l. to stock a Farm upon my own Estate, at Ballymascublane, in the County of Monaghan, and the Barony of Coogaghby—Fait, and here's Betty, a tight Girl; and since you cou'd not get the Mistress, if you'll take up with the Maid, my Dear here, shall give her a Couple of Hundred to fortune her off.*

*Betty.* Captain, I'm very much oblig'd to you, for getting me a Husband; if Mr. Cheatwell has any Tendre for me, I have a hundred Pound at his Service of my own saving.

*Cheat.* I should be blind to my own Interest not to accept of such valuable Proposals, and with Gratitude take your Hand, promising for the future, to lead a Life which shall be a Credit both to myself and my Benefactor.

*Capt.* Well then, without Compliments, I am glad to have made one poor Man happy; and since we have made a double Match of it, hey for Ireland, where we will all live like the Sons of Irish Kings.

*Lucy.* This Generosity amazes me, and greatly prejudices me in the Honesty and Goodness of the Irish.

*Capt.* Oagh, my dear little Charmer, I've anodther Song just à Propos.

*Of all the Husbands living an Irishman's the best,  
With my fal, lal, &c.  
No Nation on the Globe, oagh, like him can stand the Test,  
With my fal, lal, &c.  
The English are all Drones, as you may plainly see,  
But we're all brisk and airy, and lively as a Bee,  
With my fal, lal, &c.*

*Lucy.* Sir, your generous Behaviour so frankly shewn on so melancholy an Accident, has entirely gained

24      *The Brave Irishman; or,*

gained my Heart, nor do I value your Estate, when  
set in Composition with your noble Soul.

*Thus, let all Women judge, and thus decide,  
Be Beauty still to noble Worth ally'd;  
Nor glittering Wealth shou'd blind the Fair-one's Eyes,  
Whicb, not with Honour join'd, we shou'd despise.*

[Exeunt.]

F I N I S.

